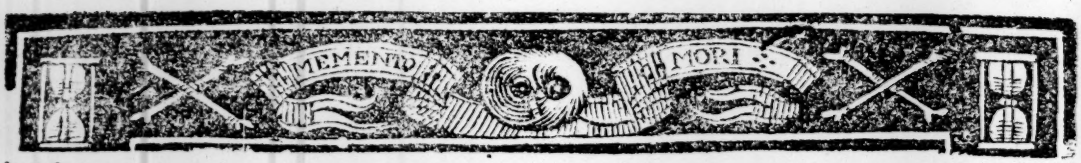
320.



1203.

An Answer to the The Unfortunate Lady,

Who Hang'd her self in Dispair:

Containing her Lovers Lamentation for her Untimely Destiny; Together with the Apparition of her Bleeding Ghost in his silent Chamber.

To the Tune of, The Languishing Swain.

Licensed according to Order.

I.

WHat dismal tydings do I hear,
The fatal ruin of my Dear,
Who did her dearest Life destroy,
When she might not her Love enjoy.

II.

Which grieves me to the very Soul,
In sorrow I her Death condole;
No peace nor comfort can I find,
The thoughts of her runs in my mind.

III.

Each Night when e're I close mine Eyes,
Methinks I hear her dismal Cries,
Crying, my Love I dy'd for thee;
And then her bleeding Ghost I see.

IV

Then with a Voice both sharp and shrill,
She does my silent Chamber fill,
And with a sigh and bitter groan,
She does express her piteous moan.

V.

Alas! although I did appear
Thus in the Chamber of my Dear,
He never wrong'd his Lover, no,
'Twas Parents prov'd my overthrow.

VI.

I know the tender Turtle-Doves,
Was ne'r more constant to their Loves,
Then thee and I has been, she cry'd,
And yet, alas! for Love I dy'd.

VII.

I was to thee as dear as Life,
My Friends has caused all the strife;
They sought for Wealth and Riches store,
When Love had won the Field before.

VIII.

'Cause thou did'st not in Wealth abound,
My near Relations on thee frown'd,
And I was posted straight from thee,
And by that means have ruin'd me.

IX.

They sent me word that thou wert Wed,
Which tydings almost struck me dead;
Unto Dispair I straight did run,
O see what cursed Gold has done!

X.

Then with a sigh and dismal groan,
She straight departs, leaves me alone;
Where I in sorrow weeping lye,
To think of Parents Cruelty.

XI.

Sure Friends was never more to blame,
How could they such a Letter frame,
That I another Choice had made?
By this her Life they soon betray'd.

XII.

She well might be amaz'd, that I
Shou'd guilty be of Perjury,
And leave a loyal Love at last,
When many solemn Vows had past,

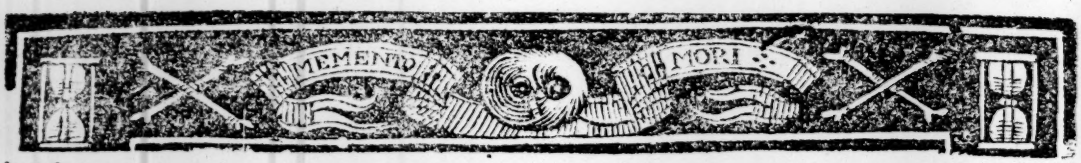
XIII.

She's gone, and I am left behind:
Now since I can no Comfort find,
Come Death and prove a Friend to me,
O let me Dye as well as she.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, *and* J. Back.

320.



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FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blare, *and* J. Back.

An Excellent New SONG; Call'd,

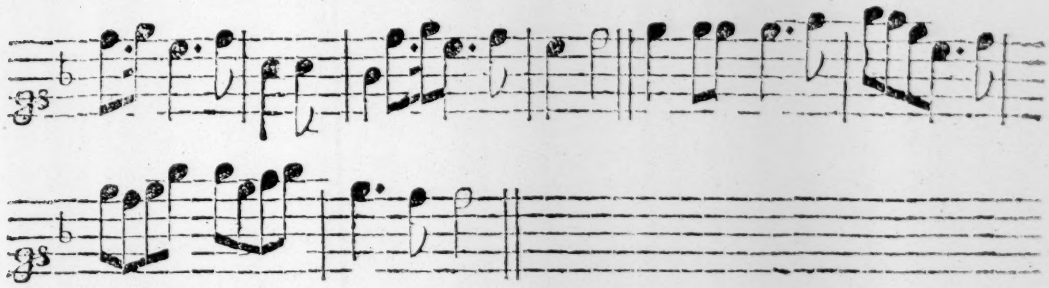
The Hard-hearted Lady,

OR,

The young Man dy'd for Love.

Being a Relation of a young Lady that was Engag'd to a Seaman, and Married another while he was a Shipboard.

To an Excellent New Tune. With Allowance.



FArewell unto all Joy and Pleaſure,
Since that my hope is all in vain;
Once, as I thought, I had a Treaſure,
But ſince Ime come home tis gone again:
She whom I adore, affords me no relief,
Therefore, ſweet gentle Death, make haſte, and (eaſe my grief.

I am with Sorrow ſo tormented,
That I cannot endure my Pain;
Nor can I ever be contented,
Since that my *Cælia* does diſdain
Me for my true Love, and all my hopes deſtroy,
Therefore once more I bid adieu to all my Joy.

Now in ſome Forrain Land Ile wander,
Until I find ſome place of reſt;
And I my Brains no more will ponder,
What I may do to pleaſe her beſt:
But I'll bid adieu to *Cælia* too unkind,
Until that we each other in our Graves ſhall find.

And when that I am once deceaſed,
I ſhall for ever happy be:
From my Pain ſhall be releaſed;
But then, alas! poor *Cælia*, ſhe,
As long as ſhe does live, can never happy be
Her Conſcience will accuſe her, That ſhe Mar- (tyr'd me

Then may ſhe wiſh ſhe'd not been cruel,
While *I* on Shipboard ſerv'd the King,
When I did prize her as a Jewel,
She ſaid Love was a fooliſh thing.
Now may ſhe lament in Sorrow, Grief, & Pain,
And wiſh with all her heart I were alive again.

But ſince that Life, when once departed,
Can never more recover'd be,
Now may ſhe ſit down broken hearted,
And may prepare to follow me
Unto the other World, adue hardhearted One,
Fair Maidens all take care your *Sweethearts* a'n't (undone.

London, Printed and Sold by T. Moore.